Lillie Pozer

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The Perils of Diving.

('Child's Companion.')

Many attempts have been made in recent years to photograph objects at the bottom of the sea. A series of interesting experiments has been carried out by Dr. Bouton at the French Zoological station on the Mediterranean, near the Spanish frontier.

The apparatus is of the simplest kind. Besides the camera, all that is necessary is a barrel filed with oxygen, with which a bell-shaped glass is connected, and in this burns a flame from a spirit lamp. By a mechanical contrivance magnesium powder can at any moment be scattered into the flame thus producing the brilliant illumination necessary for instantaneous photography. Apertures in the cask allow of the gradual admission of the sea-water in proportion as the oxygen is consumed.

Dr. Bouton's experiments seem to point to quite a new branch of scientific research; and perhaps it will not be long before we shall be looking with interest at our albums of submarine photographs.

Diving, and particularly pearl diving, is an exceedingly dangerous occupation, and accidents on the pearling grounds are of common occurrence. There are so many things about a diver's work that cannot be foreseen, and, therefore, guarded against, and there is so much uncertainty as to where one is below, or in what direction one is moving, that it is to be wondered at that accidents are not more frequent.

A writer in a recent number of the 'Strand Magazines' gives the following interesting incident in his own experience:—

'I had been working all day, and about "knock-off" time, having a full bag of shells, I screwed up the escape valve in order to fill the dress with air and make myself lighter, and gave the customary signal to ascend. The life-line tautened, and I was soon lifted from my feet and being drawn toward lighter water above. The angry frame of mind that attends the diver at work gradually passed away as I was raised to the surface, and I was just getting good tempered at the thought of a mouthful of fresh air, when I felt a sudden jerk under my left arm, and at the same instant my progress was stopped.

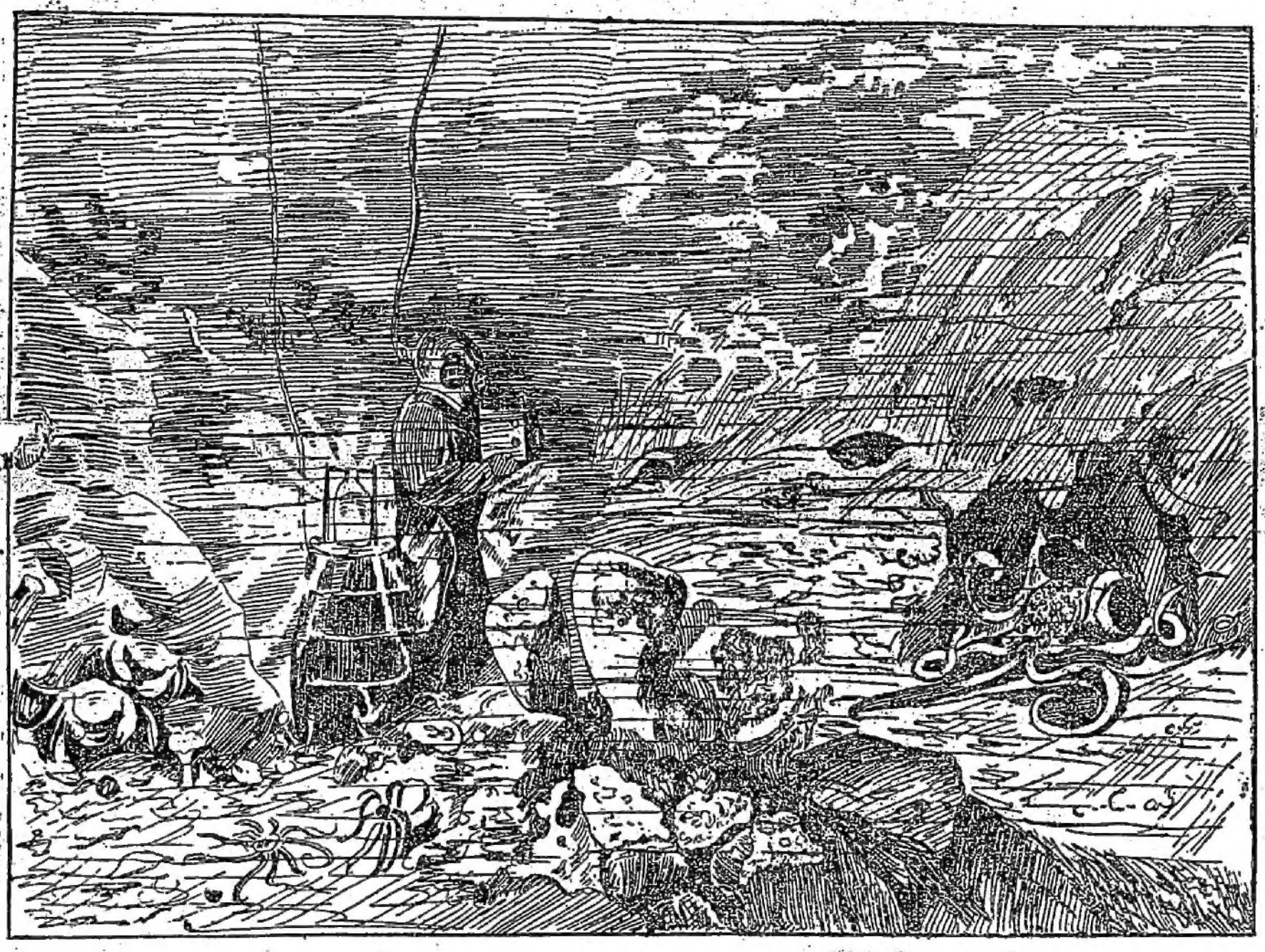
Before I realized what was the matter, the air-pipe was torn from the check that held it under my arm, slipped over it, and pulled my head downward; while the hauling of the "tender" above on the life-line round my waist raised the lower part of my body and left me suspended heels up.

In the first few moments of my surprise and terror I did not stop to consider what had happened. My presnce of mind deserted me, and I struggled and screamed like a madman.

After a little while, having kicked myself into a state of exhaustion and common sense, I reasoned out the cause of my dilemma.

As the strain of the air-pipe was downward, and that of the life-line upward, I concluded that the pipe must be fast below, and that the only thing to be done was to go down and clear it. First, I regulated the air in the dress, leting out as much as I could spare, for in my present position all the air went into my legs, and kept them floating straight upwards, and then I tried to make the "boys" understand that I wanted them to lower me.

All my shakes and jerks on the life-line, however, were without avail. By that time all hands, except those pumping, had tailed on, and were doing their level best to pull



me in halves. Fortunately, all my gear was in good shape, or they might have accomplished it. Finally, after hanging betwixt the top and the bottom about half an hour, my "tender" had sense to signal for another diver, and I was at last hauled up more dead than alive.

The cause of this accident was simply that the careless holder of the pipe, instead of keeping it taut, had alolwed it to drag on the bottom until it fouled around the base of a coral cup. Had the tide not been slack at the time, the weight of the boat, which was practically anchored by the air-pipe, would have torn the helmet from my shoulders, and the result would have been different.

The quality that a diver needs more than any other is presence of mind. Unless a

man possesses this, he should never enter a diving suit; for if there is any place in the world where one wants a clear head, it is under water.'

A Pin-Cushion Leads to a Soldier's Conversion.

We give the following from the 'Sword and Trowel':—One of the London city missionaries was toiling with us in the Hop-Pickers' Mission, Kent. His people in London, anxious to help their missionary, but too poor to do much, hit upon the happy idea of making a number of small camphor-bags and pin-cushions, and neatly attaching to each a text of scripture. These were distributed among the women in the gardens and camps. One of them, Mrs. S., shortly afterwards was writing to her soldier son in India, and it occurred to her, as a happy thought, to enclose the little gift as a souvenir of his earlier years, when he used to accompany his mother on her annual visits to Kent. Attached to this pin-cushion was the verse from I. John i., 7, 'The blood of Jesus Christ, his son, cleanseth us from all sin.' This text God used in leading the young soldier to Christ, and the following mail from India brought the glad news of his conversion, and subsequent letters told the further good tidings of his efforts to win his comrades for the Saviour. He is to-day an earnest Christian worker in the ranks in India.—'Christian Herald.'

Soul-Winning.

A MESSAGE TO THE YOUNG.

(By the Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A.)

'He that winneth souls is wise.' It is a wise thing to win a soul, because the soul alone, of all created things, is destined to abide. Work wrought on every other fabric beside will perish in the last conflagration; the heavens shall melt with fervent heat, the earth, and all the works thereof shall be burned up, the rocks on which men have engraved their names will become liquid, bronzes, gold, silver with their epitaphs will dissolve; the soul alone will outlive the pyramids, the Sphinx, the rocks, the earth, the sun and stars; and therefore, if we desire to do work which will last, it is a wise thing to do it for the soul. Win a soul for God, and you have set in motion impulses which will vibrate when time is a memory, a bubble on the ocean of eternity. Here is a truth for the earnest contemplation of every Christian Endeavorer.

Around the base of the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral this inscription is written in honor of the architect, Sir Chrstopher Wren: 'Si monumentum requiras, circumspice.' If you are seeking his monument, look around. But that monument to Wren's genius and gift will crumble to mother earth, whilst the salvation that has accrued to souls through the devoted work of humble men and women will be monuments of their painstaking, self-sacrificing zeal,

When the sun is old,
When the moon grows cold.

It is a wise thing to win a soul, because of the rapidity with which soul-saving work accumulates. Sow a seed in the ground, and it will bear thirty; each of those will bear thirty; and each of those, thirty; so that in three generations you can almost count a million. It is impossible to estimate the result of the winning of one soul.

There was a year in the little church at Blantyre when but one convert was welcomed to the Lord's table, but that lad was David Livingstone, and as he was sown in the soil of his much loved Africa, he has become the seed germ of that mighty ingathering of souls which is being garnered into the heavenly storehouse.

A young Sunday-school teacher, a poor seamstress, one Sunday gave to a rough street arab a shilling to induce him to go to a Sunday-school. That boy, Amos Sutton, was converted, went to work as a missionary among the Telugus, and after twenty-five years ten thousand converts were won in a single year.

It is wise to win a soul, because it gives Christ such joy and glory. When Thomas Aquinas thought he was offered his choice of a reward for his service, he replied, 'Non alium, nisi te Domine.' Nothing less than thyself.' Surely every true heart echoes the sentiment, and as we kneel before him he seems to say, 'You shall have an eternity in which to enjoy my presence and fellowship, but, in the meantime, time is short, souls are perishing; if you love me seek them.'—'Christian Intelligencer.'

Sunday Trains.

In answer to a question with regard to taking the cars on Sunday, 'Pansy,' answers as follows in the 'Golden Rule':—'Your question is one that I think may be answered, at least in part, by asking two or three others. Let us try it.

Do you think that railway traffic on the Sabbath day, as it is at present carried on, is right? If not, and you permit yourself to ride on the Sabbath day for any purpose whatsoever, where do you throw your influence? On which side may you be quoted?

Not long ago I spent a winter in a town where Sunday excursion trains were run at special rates to a certain seaside resort. To the girls and boys whose time on weekdays was crowded with work, the temptation to patronize these cheap Sunday excursions was tremendous there was constant yielding to it. One girl in particular was frequently absent from her place in Sunday-school with no better reason than that. On being argued with concerning the practice, she replied quickly, 'Miss Blank rides on Sunday trains; I saw her only a few weeks ago in the 10.20 express.' Now Miss Blank lived in another town and probably did not realize that she was known by sight to a person on the train. As a matter of fact, she was particular about her Sabbath time, and permitted herself to take the night train for home only on very rare occasions, when she had been providentially detained through the Sabbath; yet here she was, lending her influence to a form of Sabbath desecration that she deplored, and would have been shocked to find herself sustaining.

The truth is, it is not what is expedient or convenient or comfortable that we need to consider, but What is right? If there is a shadow of doubt as to the right way, would it not be well to give our Master the benefit of the doubt? I wish I had space to talk to you further about this important and far-reaching matter of Sabbath observance. I wish I could induce our endeavorers to take strong ground on all the issues involved, even at the risk of being called 'narrow' and 'fanatical.' There are worse names than those. I suspect our Lord Jesus Christ, if he were on earth to-day in bodily presence, would be considered very fanatical indeed.

No Wonder He Jumped.

A man was standing quietly at the corner of 33rd street and Broadway, one afternoon, observing the passing throng. Suddenly he gave a yell of pain and began hopping about in a wild manner. The man quickly pulled off his coat and cried: 'A piece of hot coal has fallen down my back.' Several persons came to his assistance, and after they got off his collar, pulled out a burning cigarette stump from underneath his shirt. Some one had thrown it from the elevated railway station.—'Star,' Washington, D.C.

Things That Keep Us Erom God.

(By Rev. G. B. F. Hallock, D.D.)

If any of us are mourning the coldness of our Christian living it is well for us to face the fact that there are many easily enumerated things, possibly all too common in our lives, that are sure to maintain a sense of distance between our souls and our Saviour. It may prove a real help towards their avoidance if we will definitely recall what some of them are.

One of these is the rush and hurry of our modern life. Many of us are in danger of being 'jostled out of our spirituality.' We scarcely take time to think. There is a beautiful hymn we sometimes hear sung, 'Take time to be holy.' It takes time to be holy. The Christian needs to take time for meditation and prayer. Meditation kindles thought and thought kindles love, and love quickens every other grace.

Irregularity of spiritual nourishment is another thing that stands between not a few of us and any attainment in grace. Some of us may take time for religion, but it is only occasionally, or at long intervals. We read God's word only at irregular periods. We pray only once in a while. We attend God's house too seldom. Instead, we ought to seek spiritual nourishment at frequent and stated times. We need communion with God as much as we need our daily bread, and as regularly too.

The attractions of worldliness are likely to form another barrier between us and God. This is a beautiful world. God wants us to be happy in it. We are to live in the world, but we are not to have the world live in us. We are to 'use the world as not abusing it.'

We are told that while in the world we are not to be of it. It is all right for a boat to be in the water, but when the water gets into the boat the boat sinks. So when money getting and pleasure getting fill us, our spiritual life is submerged. Nothing more certainly than selfishness will separate us from God.

Grieving the Holy Spirit is another common barrier that comes between the Christian and his Lord. We too commonly think of this as a sin only of those who are not Christians; but we are wrong. To us who are Christ's the good Messenger comes over and over again, and we do not receive him. He points out a duty and we do not do it. He calls us to a higher life and we do not aspire, or try to climb. We turn him aside. We drown his voice in the confusion of earthly things. We go on heedless of his love and of his call. In so doing we certainly grieve him and cut ourselves away from the grace and blessing of God.

Futhermore, we too often display a lack in the matter of frank and full and immediate confession of our sins. We cover and excuse and make allowances for them. We permit too much time to elapse between sin and the seeking of pardon. Let us be careful not to excuse or apologize for the wrong things we do, nor delay penitence or the seeking of forgiveness, if we would not experience a growing sense of distance between us and God.

It scarcely need be added that deliberate disobedience is sure to drive us away from God and turn his face away from us. Let us guard against the things that come between our souls and God; and let us cling to the things that promote nearness to him. The nearer the stronger! The nearer the more useful! The nearer the happier!

BOYS AND GIRLS

What Price Would, And What He Did.

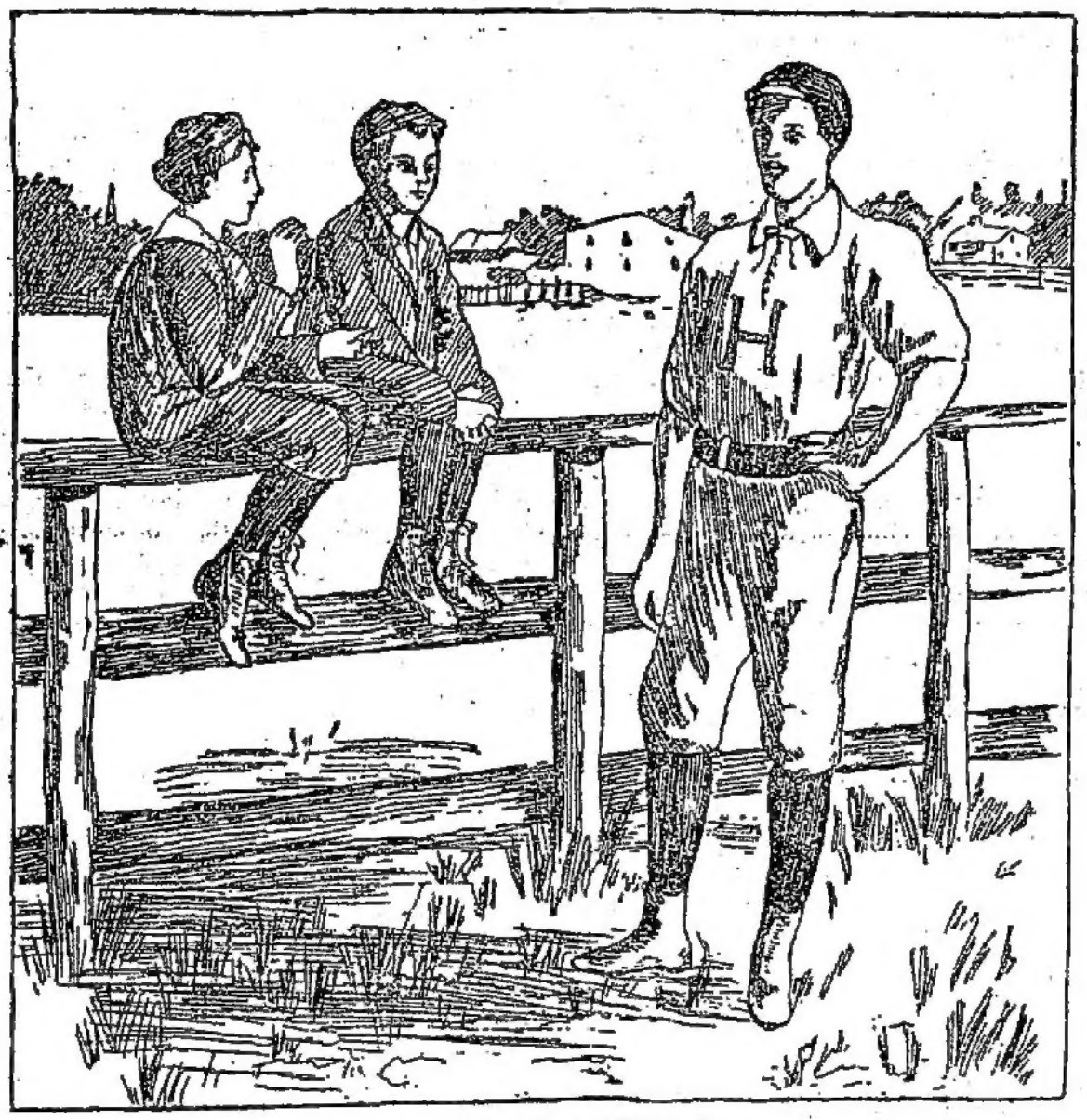
(By Elizabeth P. Allan.)

'How would Fitzpatrick do for a substitute, Price?'

'Fitz? Oh!—I don't know. He's rather soft, don't you think? You can never depend on these fellows with money; you see they will indulge themselves, and it seems to soften all the muscles and sinews of mind and body.'

'I'd like to have as much money as Fitz, though,' laughed Staples. 'I'd run the risk of a little softening.'

'I'm glad you haven't,' answered the young captain of the Stanley Hall nine. 'As for me, if I had a fortune left me to-day I'd live exactly as I am doing now; study hard and train hard, and try to make a man of myself.'



'I'D TELL PRICE, IF I WERE YOU.'

Staples said to himself that there wasn't much doubt about success in that effort; Price was the best athlete, as well as the best student, at the school, and his companions admired him enthusiastically.

'But never mind building castles in Spain,' continued Price. 'Let's settle about the substitute; suggest some one else.'

The two friends separated presently, after having discussed what seemed to them the most important question of the day—the make-up of the nine for the match game with Wake Forest. Price went off for a last look at his grounds; the young generalissimo was not one to leave anything to chance carelessness. As he passed two little chaps perched on the fence, he heard one of them say:—

'I'd tell Price, if I was you, Lawyer;' and the small boy, nicknamed 'Lawyer,' answered dolefully, 'A pretty mess I'd get into. I wish I hadn't heard the old thing.'

'What was the thing Lawyer had heard?' Price concluded that it was rather beneath his dignity to take any notice of small boys' chaff, but 'Lawyer's' adviser now hailed him, clapping his hands to attract attention.

'I say, Price,' said the youngster, 'Lawyer's got a big yarn for you; worth no end of match games.'

'It must be pretty big, then; out with it in a hurry, Lawyer. I've no time to fool with you kids.'

But it wouldn't get itself told in a hurry, for the fact was, the little boy had overheard the big news in the head master's office, and he wanted to get the news told first, so as to forestall the scolding Price would give him for overhearing and for repeating. In this attempt the story durched along head foremost, and it was a good while before Price could make anything out of it. When finally he realized all that it meant to him, he felt dazed. But he pulled himself together, and administered the scolding expected of him.

'What do you think you've come to, Lawyer,' said the young captain, sternly, 'if you are up to tricks like this? I wouldn't be a sneak, not for twice fifty thousand dollars.'

'I didn't mean to, Price,' whined the little offender, but Price was striding away over the field, with his head in a whirl.

'Price don't care,' said Lawyer's companion; he ain't that sort; any other boy in school would have stood on his head, and given three "tigers," at so much as a hint of having a fortune left him, but old Price is a gentleman, I tell you, sir-ee.'

You will want to know, perhaps, who won the game, and how the score stood; but I refer you to the annals of Stanley Hall for that. My little story of what Price thought he would do, in certain circumstances, and what he really did, skips the match game, and the spring term, and the summer vacation, and brings you back to the old place, to its fields and woods, and study halls, at the beginning of the next session.

The first classmen of last year are gone; the second classmen, Staples and the rest, wear gowns and caps now, and speak with deeper voices, while a pack of little new boys, with suspiciously red eyes and smeared cheeks, crowd the sixth-class benches, and are said by the others to be 'the smallest boys, sir, by all odds, that ever came to school.'

'Who do you think is coming back, boys!' Staples asks the crowd, with an air of important mystery. They fail to guess, and then stand amazed at the disclosure.

'Price! No! You don't mean it! Why I thought he was on the larkiest sort of a lark—travelling abroad, and that sort of thing!'

'Right you are, Ford, but he has had another stroke of good fortune.'

'Another fortune left him, did you say?'

'Not exactly; this present fortune has left him; in fact, he's d...d broke.'

Then Staples told the story more connectedly; of how Price's head was turned by his sudden independence, how he lost interest in anything but amusing himself, how he would invest his fifty thousand in high-paying investments, and how he had lost pretty much the whole.

'You always had an idiotic way of putting thing Staples,' growled one of his listeners. 'What did you hope to make by calling this another stroke of good fortune?'

'I'll refer you to headquarters,' said Staples, with a superior air, and he took out a thin, foreign-looking letter and read: 'Hello, Stape! Make room for me, will you, and ask Mrs. Foster to let me have my old bunk? Of course I want to desk with you, and if any fellow's got my place I'll kick him out. No—on the whole, perhaps, I would better kick myself, and eat humble pie a while.'

'Then he tell's about losing his money,' continued Staples, running his eye along, 'and—yes! here it is: "I wonder if you remember, old fellow, a little talk we had the day before our match with Wake Forest? I guess not; but it's curious how things that seemed nothing at the time, stick sometimes. I was putting up a tall brag of what a plucky chap I'd be if I had a fortune left me, and no sooner had I got the silly words out of my mouth than the fortune came, and melted all my fine theories, and made be about as no-'count a chap as they get to be? Fitzpatrick? Why, Fitz was a crusader by the side of me! Well, I have had a sure enough stroke of good fortune this time"—hear that, Petrie; good fortune, he says—"and now I'll have another try at that man I thought I had the making of. But you see if I don't walk softly this time, about what I would do if so and so happened. Fact is, Stape, it's just as the good book says, "the good that I would I do not, and the evil that I would not" '—

Staples turned red and broke off. 'Old Price is in a sober mood,' he muttered, but the boys were not jeering, as he had half expected.

'A felow knows that sometimes,' said one of them, 'without either getting or losing fifty thousand. But I certainly am glad old Price is coming back; he'll make things hum this year.'—'Forward.'

Pass It On.

The Rev. Mark Guy Pearse found a boy crying because his funds had given out before his journey was finished, and knew not what to do. 'I will help you,' he said. 'Now, you have received a kindness, pass it on. The boy gladly promised to pass it on. May we, like St. Paul, be just as ready to obey our Lord's command to 'Pass the Gospel on.' —'The Quiver.'

A Domestic Treasure.

(Christian Burke, in 'Dawn of Day.')

'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.'

'It's no use expecting too much of a "general!" If I were a "house-and-parlor" where another is kep', it might be different; but how I'm to have clean hands a-black-leading of the grates, and a afternoon apron on, a-scrubbing of the kitchen bricks, is more than I can understand! So we'll say this day month, if you please, miss, and I hope as you'll be able to suit yourself better!'

The speaker broke off abruptly at the end of this lucid explanation, and stood breathless and defiant in the tiny suburban drawing-room, much perplexed and annoyed at the smile which her sharp glance detected crossing her new mistress's face.

Katherine Halifax was indeed a very new mistress, for she had been but a fortnight at the head of affairs at the Sycamores. Her brother had lost his wife nine months previously, but it was not until now that she had been able to come to the rescue of the disorganized household, where her eldest niece, Madge, who was even now barely sixteen, had fallen a victim to her own inexperience and that of her domestic coadjutors. At first, indeed, the middle-aged servant, who had been with Mrs. Halifax for years, kept the wheels running smoothly enough. It was not until she was unexpectedly called home that what the boys called the 'Reign of Terror' began. Judith's successors came and went with startling celerity, until Rhoda Brown, the present inmate of the kitchen, appeared upon the scene. She was a pretty, intelligent, untrained girl of nineteen, with the prevalent taste for cheap finery and cheaper novelettes,and a well developed sense of her own importance. At the same time she had her good points. Was cheerful, kind-hearted, and good-tempered in the main, and got through a fair amount of work in her own careless fashion.

With some misgivings and anxiety Miss Halifax had entered upon her new duties, but the enthusiastic welcome she received soon set her mind at rest as regards her brother and his family; Rhoda Brown, however, disapproved from the first, and at the earliest hint of a hand upon the reins she declared war!

She had chosen the moment of bringing in the afternoon tea to make her declaration of independence, and now she stood crumpling up the hem of a not too clean white apron in one hand, with her head thrown back so as to take a surreptitious peep at herself in the glass. It was a pleasant young face, and not even the disfiguring mass of light curly hair, fringed down to her eyebrows, and done up into an elaborate 'bun,' could make it other than a very pretty one. The clear, pink and white complexion, fair locks, and bright, blue eyes gave her a sort of fresh trimness, in spite of the bit of tawdry gold embroidery which did duty for a collar, the tumbled apron and a cap whose fly-away streamers were by no means spotless. She had given notice on the spur of the moment with no idea of being taken at her word. Very much discomposed was she, therefore, when her mistress remarked quite calmly:

'Very well, Rhoda. I am sorry. I think we might have found a way to get on together, but I certainly should not wish to keep you against your will.'

Voluble as she was, Rhoda was quite quenched by this matter-of-factness. She had only spirit enough left to 'flounce' out of the room, and clatter noisily away to her own domains.

'Oh, Aunt Katie!' exclaimed Madge, as the door closed not too gently behind her, 'I am so sorry. You've had nothing but worry ever since you came. And now Rhoda's leaving. What a nuisance it is!' and her forehead puckered itself up in a terrible frown.

Miss Halifax only laughed. 'I am sorry, too, Madge,' she said, 'I rather took to Rhoda, in spite of that dreadful fringe. Now I fear she must go. It is rarely wise to ask a girl to stay.'

'I'm afraid not. I did speak to her about her hair, I felt certain you would be shocked—but she said it was her own, and she did not see that she was called to make herself look ugly "to please her places;" in fact, she seemed to think she owed it to herself not to give in.'

'Poor Rhoda! Three months did' you say you have had her here?'

'Yes, and she was five at her last situation, and two the one before. I suppose I ought not to have engaged her, but there is something nice about her.'

'Yes, there is, but I fear she is a rolling stone, and girls who get into the way of leaving their situations at the least word, never give even themselves or their employers a fair chance.'

Meanwhile the rolling stone had bounced into the kitchen, where Mrs. Norris, a respectable widow who had come to do a day's mending, was patiently waiting for her tea. Rhoda clattered about impatiently as she set the table, as though she were not in the best of tempers.

'There, Mrs. Norris,' she exclaimed at last, 'tea's all ready, do come. I'm sure one wants something to refresh one in a worrying world like this!'

'I don't see that you've much call to worry,' said her companion with a smile, as she looked round the cheerful kitchen, bright with firelight.

'That's all you know,' answered the girl, darkly, and she looked so serious that Mrs. Norris was afraid something was really amiss, although she was glad to perceive that it had in nowise affected her companion's appetite.

'Well, I've done it!' the damsel burst out at last, 'I've given notice as I told you I should. I wasn't going to be put upon by Mr. Halifax's fine sister no longer, so this day month I shall be free.'

'I don't think you know when you're well off,' began the elder woman, severely.

'No, I don't, if it's being here,' returned the other, pertly. 'All the work to do, a-slaving from morning to night, and then being forever found fault with. Why, it was only the other day Miss Madge grumbled because my hands was black when I took in the letters, and, Mrs. Norris, I was a-doing of the flues.'

'I'm sure I never can think, Rhoda, why you will clean the flues in the afternoon, and you've a nice pair of housemaid's gloves, you know.'

'Bothering things! as if I'd time for fusses like that! And then such a rout because I let the vicar in, in my coarse apron—which he's that absent he wouldn't have known if it was a blanket! No, if people are faddy like that they must keep two servants; it isn't in the nature of things that a "general" can be always like a new pin.'

'Why, you can't call this a hard place,' exclaimed her friend, 'there's many a girl would think herself in luck to be in your shoes.'

'Oh, well, Mrs. Norris, I'm sure they're welcome to them! I don't say it's bad as places go, but I'm sick of service. I think I shall go into a factory, or take to the dressmaking, and then I shall have my evenings.'

'You're a foolish girl, that's what you are! Many a dressmaker's hand! is too tired to enjoy her evenings when she gets them, and as for factories, there's good and bad of all sorts, but I say, give me good service. I've been in it myself, and all my girls took to it and done well. But I'm glad you told me you are leaving, for I think I know of someone who would just suit Miss Halifax.'

'Oh, well, I ain't gone yet,' snapped Rhoda, a concrete person to step into her shoes striking her somewhat unpleasantly, however liberal she might be in offering them in the abstract.

'Well, you know your own affairs best, but I don't think Roger Leighton will like your changing, neither.

'I don't care whether he do or don't. Things isn't gone so far that I need ask his permission;' and Rhoda's eyes flashed ominously.

Mrs. Norris sighed; she knew well enough that the said Roger Leighton was much smitten by wilful Rhoda, but he would expect much of the woman whom he chose for his wife, and the girl, in her thoughtless levity, was fast flinging away her best hope of happiness.

For the next fortnight Rhoda pursued the uneven tenor of her way, it is to be presumed with some satisfaction to herself, but with none at all to those who had the privilege of living with her. She scamped her work, sulked when she was spoken to, grew unpunctual and careless, and generally conducted herself after the regrettable fashion common among girls when, in their own phrase, they 'know they are going.' In the middle of the month she came to Miss Halifax and asked if she could have a day's holiday on the following Monday. She had certainly done nothing to deserve it, but Roger Leighton had offered to take her with his mother for a day in the country, and the prospect was so tempting that she swallowed her pride, though half expecting to have her request refused. To her surprise she received a pleasant consent, and she rushed off at once to her own little room to overhaul her scanty wardrobe.

No young lady considering her toilette for her first ball could have weighed matters more solemnly than did Rhoda, surveying her few effects. A good deal of her money drifted away in sweets, penny papers and odds and ends of finery, and as she generally chose her dresses of light colors and common materials, she was usually the possessor of two or three garments 'quite in the fashion' and most indescribably shabby. That green had been 'perfectly sweet,' but it spotted in the first shower, and the only think fit to wear was the new black serge, given to her at her last place as a Christmas present. She hated it, but it was neat and fresh, and surely dowdy enough to satisfy even so fastidious a person as Mrs. Leighton. The dress must do, for there was nothing else tidy enough to elude such sharp eyes, and with a brand new hat, she decided she wouldn't be 'nothing to be ashamed of, for all some folks were so mighty particular!'

On the Saturday evening, when Miss Halifax came down to the kitchen to give an order, she found the girl wrestling with an impossible combination of black straw hat, crimson ribbon, and an enormous spray of lilac of a sickly color. The table was strewn with scraps of lace, silk, feathers; an overturned work-box lay on the floor; and the girl, with burning cheeks and shining eyes, was contemplating the ungainly erection her clumsy hands had produced. Do what she would, common and hideous it looked, even to her eyes, and '- this hat only 1s 11 3-4d,' seemed to positively glare at her from the huge bows and sprawling flowers, which re-

fused to lend themselves to the careless grace which adorned the hat of her imagination! Headache, despair, and vexation were written on every line of her face, and when Miss Halifax asked, in her cheerful way, what she was doing, she had hard work to keep back the tears.

'I'm trying to fix up a hat for Monday, and I can't. I wish I had bought one ready trimmed, but they come so dear, and now I've spent all my money, and it's nothing but a horrid fright,' with a suspicious shake in her voice.

Probably Miss Halifax suspected that this was no ordinary fit of vanity. Anyhow, she said pleasantly, 'Perhaps I could give you a suggestion. I used to be rather fond of millinery,' and picking up the unfortunate production, she put it on its owner's head, and took great credit to herself that she forebore to smile at the grotesque effect.

'It's a good shape,' she said meditatively, 'but I don't think crimson and lilac go nicely together; in fact, red hardly ever looks well with hair of your color.'

'Why, Miss!' exclaimed the girl, opening her eyes to their widest extent, 'I thought you ladies think it wicked of us servants to mind what suits us, and we oughtn't to care how we look, so long as we're tidy!'

Miss Halifax smiled. 'I think every girl should like to look nice, both for her own sake and other people's, so long as she does not spend too much thought and money on her dress. Good looks are a talent which we are bound to take care of and use rightly, like every other gift of God. Why should not you like to look nice, as well as Miss Madge, for instance? The question is, what does look nice? Prettiness depends largely on fitness; things that would look very nice on a lady driving in her carriage would be very silly and unbecoming on a girl scrubbing floors. And simple things may be quite beautiful, and costly ones the very reverse. That pink cotton dress which you wear in the morning is pretty, but yet it is plain enough; and this hat is fine, very showy, but if I were to tell you the exact truth, I should say it is very ugly, and no one could possibly look nice in it!'

A gleam of intelligent amusement lit up the girl's eyes, as she answered, 'Yes, Miss, I think I see what you mean, but I never thought of it that way before. It's quite true, it does look awful ugly.' And as she spoke a hot, scalding tear came rolling down and spotted the flaming ribbon immediately.

Miss Halifax took no apparent notice, but with ready tact began looking over the girl's small supplies. 'Here is some nice black ribbon,' she said, 'and I am not busy tonight. Shall I see what I can do for you? I believe I've got some yellow poppies in a box upstairs that would brighten it up, and save you spending any more.'

To say that Rhoda was astonished is to say little. She stared at her mistress as if she had taken leave of her senses. 'But why should you trouble when I've been so nasty?' she asked, bluntly.

'Do you think that is a reason for my being nasty, too! I don't quite see that. I should be glad to help you if I can. And, by the way, I have heard of a situation which might suit you. I could spare you a day or too sooner, if necessary; you might go and see about it next week.' With this she picked up the unfortunate headgear and walked away, leaving Rhoda in a most perturbed state of mind.

So it was not a ruse to keep her. It was an act of real genuine kindness, a desire to help her in her wish to look nice—as 'nice as Miss Madge,' in her way, if she could. It was part of her creed that mistresses aways 'spited' a leaving servant! Certainly there were more things than had been dreamt of in Rhoda's philosophy!

An hour or two later Madge found 'the lady of the house' proudly contemplating a pretty black straw hat, garnished with old-gold poppies ,and trimmed with quite fashionably-set ribbon bows.

'Why, auntie, how cleverly you've done it. Who is it for?' she exclaimed.

'That, my dear,' returned her aunt, as she picked it up and prepared to descend with it to the lower regions, 'that, I beg to inform you, is my evening's work, and Rhoda's new hat!'

The holiday came and went, and whether it was that the new hat—because quieter and in better taste—made the wearer look unusually pretty and winning, certainly kind Roger seemed kinder and friendlier than ever, and a wistful desire to become worthier of a good man's choice began to spring up in the girl's wayward heart. Suddenly the household with one accord found a mysterious change was passing over the erratic Rhoda. Orders were remembered, meals were punctual and work better done, but the climax arrived when one afternoon Rhoda brought in the tea, and Madge nearly screamed aloud in her astonishment as she looked at her. The flag of independence had been hauled down—the great penthouse of hair was turned back under a dainty new cap, from which it still contrived to ripple in soft irrepressible waves, while the possession of a forehead gave a fresh look of intelligence to the whole face.

'I see you have a new maid,' said an occasional and short-sighted visitor, 'what a nice, neat-looking girl!'

It was at the very end of her time that the girl sought out her mistress, and shamefacedly asked her if she would give her another trial.

'Why, Rhoda,' said Miss Halifax, astonished, 'what has made you change your mind?'

'If you please,'—and the speaker twisted her hands nervously together in a fashion quite different to her usual self-possession, 'if you please, it was the hat! There was I giving you all the trouble I knew how, and yet you helped me to have my bit of pleasure, just as if you really cared. I couldn't help thinking about it; I always said that mistresses never minded if such as we were happy or not, so long as we did their work. And please, Miss, if you will try me again I will do my best, and I do think I could suit you if I was to try,'she concluded, naively.

'I think you could, too,' answered Miss Halifax, kindly, looking up into the blushing, tearful face, 'and if you want to turn over a new leaf, suppose we turn it over together.'

It was six years later that Rhoda came, blushing and smiling this time, and again gave her mistress notice. 'For that Roger, he won't wait no longer,' she said demurely; 'he says he's so lonesome. I tell him it will break my heart to leave you, but he says it'll break his if I don't, so what am I to do?'

'Poor Roger! He has been very patient and deserves to have his own way. I am very glad for you both, and I know you will make him a good and helpful wife, Rhoda. But Im sure I don't know what I shall do without you, continued Miss Halifax, 'and now Miss Madge is going to be married, too! I wonder how Martha George would do for us, Madge?'

'I think she would suit, ma'am. She is young, but she is a nice, neat girl, and it would be just the making of her to be under a good mistress from the first.'

'Only you must remember,' said Madge, impressively from her corner, where she was embroidering her wedding pocket-handkerchiefs, "that it's no good expecting too much of a 'general!'"'

Mistress and maid laughed, and then the latter said pathetically, 'What a stupid thing I must have been! I can't think how the mistress and Roger ever had the patience to put up with me!'

'Never mind, Rhoda,' answered Miss Halifax, with her quiet smile of appreciation, 'if you failed and made mistakes at first, that is what we all do, and since then you have succeeded so well that no one else will ever fill your place.'

The girl went away with a look of eager pleasure and gratitude on her face, and Katherine Halifax added with a smile and a sigh, as she turned towards her niece, 'Yes, she will be a great loss to us, but there's no doubt that Roger will find her, what we have found her for the last five years—a real "Domestic Treasure!"'

The New Hand Organ.

(By Martha L. Hobart, in 'Wellspring.')

Estelle Whiston was resting. Following the excitement attending a summer at the seashore, and a sojourn later at a fashionable resort among the mountains, she was really quite wearied out, poor child! 'She needed only rest,' so said the doctor, so said her parents and her friends.

It was a charming room, this boudoir of Estelle's, where she was lying upon a soft couch. As the maid removed the lunch tray, Estelle nestled down among the fluffy pillows with a comfortable feeling that she was being very good and obedient in so cheerfully conceding to the mandate laid upon her by loving friends. A sense of delightful repose came over her, and she half slept while she dreamed of the coming season of gayety when she was to be first among a select few, the choicest buds of the season.

Mrs. Watson was also very weary. She had left the gay society life at the mountains at the bidding of duty, and returned to the city earlier than was her wont. She was a zealous woman, and had already, since her return, given several social talks, and had only the last evening lectured before the 'Society for the Amelioration of the Condition of the Poor.' She was just now preparing a paper in which she set forth with touching appeal the 'Need of generous aid for our foreign population.' This last she was to read before the officers of one of our 'university settlements.'

It really would seem as if some power ought to have preserved silence in this princely vicinity. But, no; ignorant of this need for quiet, an organ grinder, catching a glimpse of some sweet blue-eyed children beckoning him from a window adjacent to the Whiston mansion, drew his organ up the avenue and played his softest and sweetest tunes for them. Meantime, the wife, Ghita, wielded her tambourine, and once and again held it up gracefully to catch the flying bits of money that the children's nurse dropped into it; coins that meant food and warmth to the dark-eyed children waiting their return. It had been a day of success, and as Maso played on he looked fondly at his Ghita and was glad in his heart that he had spent the money, so difficult to spare, for the new organ whose tones were sweet in his ears, and that carried him in thought back to his loved Italy, the home he had left in hope of bettering his fortune. Poor Maso! he had not found the land of his adoption the El Dorado that his fancy had painted. But now, ah, yes, all might be bright, and he

would prosper. Lost in thoughts like these he played on, and the more the blue-eyed children clapped their hands the more generous he became with his music. Never once had money been scattered so freely. Surely, pale little Nello could soon have some warmer clothes.

And thus he dreamed, and so failed to gather the meaning of the white-capped maid from the next house when she talked so loudly and brandished her arms before him. He thought perhaps the new maid was claiming her share of the music, and willing to please, he moved nearer and hastened with one tune after another that she might be appeased. Unmindful of the fact that he was transgressing the law by not moving away, he played on. Suddenly Ghita grasped his arm and he looked up. In terror he beheld a policeman confronting him. He needed no interpreter now. Men, women and children, whether alien or native, have a ready divination of what the appearance of this officer means to them. Though not quite understanding how it was, he knew at once that his castle had fallen. Frightened, Ghita crept closer to his side, and he laid an assuring hand on hers, though his heart trembled with vague but fearful apprehension.

They meekly followed their leader, drawing forward the organ that had already cost them weeks of self-denial. Alas! what might it cost them now?

Little Nello was tired and very lonely, and the more he thought about it the more wretched he felt. He had been brave enough in the morning, when he had waved a good-bye to his father and mother as they went forth for the day. It had been a happy morning for them all, and Nello had been proud to be left in charge for the day. With many sacrifices of comfort, and great self-denial on the part of all, the new organ had been paid for and given over to them, and this was its first expedition. Maso cheerfully trundled it along while Ghita walked beside him, gay with the pretty yellow kerchief fastened over her black hair, and she carried in her hand the tambourine that she had brought from the old home. To Nello, Ghita was the queen of beauties. Now, thought the boy, our troubles are over. While the little ones played around he wove in his mind a story to tell them about this wonderful organ, and they listened eagerly as he told it over to them again and again, as often as they grew fretful during the long day. Each time he assured them that the good father and mother would go to the grand streets and parks of the city and make music for the children. Then these children would be glad to pay many soldi in return for such sweet music. Even as soon as on the morrow, it might be, they would have more food, perhaps warmer clothes, and possibly a little, just a little fire on a chilly day. It was a cool morning, and at mention of the friendly warmth Nello felt a chill pass through him, and instinctively drew an old shawl closer about the baby. Day wore on and Piero and Luigi found time hang heavy on their hands, turning oftener to Nello for the dear story. So he continued to repeat it, adding each time a few bright points to hold their attention, and they all basked in the sunshine of comfort that lay in store for them. The scanty meal that counted for both dinner and supper, was eaten. Nello undressed the little ones, and while he walked the room with baby in his arms he sang to them lullaby songs. The two boys soon fell asleep, but it was long before baby Podina closed her large dark eyes. Nello would have been glad to keep her awake, for her baby face and gentle cooing were company for him, but at last she, too, slept, and he was quite alone. Oh, how still it was! He pressed his face against the windowpane and watched in vain for a glimpse of Ghita's yellow kerchief and of his father and the new organ. Darker still it grew, yet no one came.

Nello was not a coward, but he was a very small boy in a strange land, in a dark room behind a dark alley all alone, and he felt very timid and dreary. Long, long he waited, till faint and weary and homesick he laid himself down beside his sleeping brothers, and with one protecting hand on Podina he sobbed himself to sleep.

Margaret West was tired. All day she had been busy at Ler work among the women and girls whom she sought to help. Margaret gave herself to these girls, not for days or weeks, but for all time that they might need her. She met them always hand to hand and heart to heart. To-day many of her plans had gone wrong, many through which she could not clearly see her way, and she longed for the restfulness of night, hoping in the brightness of the morning to be able to right some of the wrongs. It was now well into the evening, but she needed to leave a message at a police station scarcely a step out of her way. The message given, she turned to go, when her attention was drawn to a man and woman sitting near her, their hands clasped in one another's and their heads bowed as if in sorrow. She drew closer, leaned over them, and whispered a few words. Trembling with surprise at hearing words they could comprehend, they looked up and the woman poured forth their sad story. Turning to the sub-officer who was in charge she asked, 'Cannot this be avoided? May I not be responsible and take them to their home? I will see that they appear in the morning.'

'I'm very sorry, ma'am, but I'm afraid not,' he answered, adding, 'the chief left orders for them to be sent down for the night.'

'Very well, then, please allow an officer to attend me for an hour.'

She again spoke a few words to the woman, and accompanied by a kindly officer went her way.

Nello slept till early morning. When he awoke it was to a vision of light and beauty. He raised himself upon his elbow and looked around. A fire was softly burning on the hearth where all had been so cold and dark last night. The table was set out with food and drink. In the one chair sat sleeping a beautiful and sweet-faced lady. He rubbed his eyes and looked again, fearing it might be only a dream. Yes, surely it was the Madonna, and she had brought these blessings from heaven. Would she not bring also the dear father and mother? Ah, yes, he would ask her!

A man and woman appeared at an early court session to answer to the charge of refusing to move on. They were foreigners. The complainants were a white-capped maid and her mistress. After listening to the accusation, and through an interpreter to the defence, the judge released the offenders with only a reprimand and a caution against repeating the offence.

Nello again stood watching by the window, but with a bright smile on his face. He was neither cold, nor hungry, nor tired, and he could already see the bright kerchief and the new organ, and he ran to welcome Maso and Ghita as they hurried home. Then he showed them the food on the table and on the shelf, and led them to the warm fire.

As they all drew close to one another, and Ghita held Podina tightly in her arms, Nello told them of the sweet face he had seen on awakening, and Maso and Ghita smiled, for they, too, had seen and been blessed by the Madonna of his vision.

The Story of a Comfort Bag.

It was a dreary day. The good ship 'Hope' was outward bound, and the raw wind that whistled through her rigging was doing her good service, for it filled her sails and sped her on her course.

There were some days when it seemed as if nothing could be more beautiful than to be upon the ocean. When the sun shone down brightly and tipped the crests of the waves and the broad wings of the sea-gulls with silver, when looking over the side of the ship down into the water it was a deep translucent green, and the calm sky bending over the ocean and meeting the horizon in every direction was studded with fleets of cloud ships, then nothing could be more delightful than life on the ocean waves.

But it was difficult on such a day as this. The sky was a heavy leaden gray, and the water reflected the same dull color. The great waves seemed to roll themselves sullenly along instead of leaping and dancing joyously as they did sometimes, and the wind, instead of being fresh and invigorating, was raw and cold.

Jack Lane, one of the crew, was glad to go below when his watch was over, for he felt chilled 'to the very marow of his bones,' as he would have expressed it.

He had a button to put on his pea-jacket, and as he set about this task, he remembered that when he was in port last, a comfort bag had been sent to him among others, by the secretary of the American Seamen's Friend Society.

'Guess I'll overhaul that comfort bag and see what's in it,' he thought to himself, remembering that he had not thought to open the package before.

He untied the string, and taking off the wrapping paper found a comfort bag that brought out an exclamation as soon as his eyes fell upn it.

It was indeed a beauty, made of strong, gray linen bound with bright red braid, while a pretty pen-and-ink drawing of a ship under full sail decorated one side of the bag, and an anchor the other side.

Would you like to look over his shoulder as he opened the bag and took out one thing after another? Of course you would, for perhaps you would like to make a comfort bag for a sailor yourself, and then you will know what to put in it.

There were spools of strong linen thread, black and white; there were buckles of several sizes, and buttons, too; there was wax, a pair of scissors, a large thimble, a box of paper and envelopes, a little pocket inkstand that screwed up tight so that the ink could not get out, and a penholder large enough for a sailor's rough hand to grasp comfortably; there were balls of strong tape, both black and white; there was a package of court-plaster (one might guess it was a boy who packed that bag; a needle-book full of needles; a small copy of St. John's Gospel, with large clear print, a prettily illuminated text, in the shape of a small cardboard anchor with the words on it, 'He careth for you,' with a silk cord by which to hang it up, and a letter directed in a round boyish hand to 'The sailor who gets this comfort bag.'

Jack opened the letter with a new feeling of curiosity. He very rarely received a letter, and he never wrote one, and he wondered who had written this letter, and what there might be in it for him.

'My dear sailor,' the letter began, 'I wish

I could know who you are and where you will be when you get this letter. I am a boy ten years old, and I made this comfort bag for you all myself, and put in it what I hope will be of some use to you, and a real comfort, especially the Gospel and text. I have wanted to be a sailor all my life, and I was sure I should be one when I was big enough, until six months ago.

'I got knocked down by a horse then, and ever since I have had to stay in bed all the time. The doctor says I can never walk any more, except with a crutch, so I know I will never be a sailor now. That is worse than the pain, I am so disappointed. Now that I cannot be a sailor myself I want to do all that I can for sailors. When I was first hurt my doctor gave me a text like this to help me to be patient. If I remember all the time that God cares for me I am more willing to stand the pain and not mind my disappointment too much.

'I hope you love God, too, and that you know he is your friend and cares for you. I wish you would write to me. Every night I shall pray for you that you may be kept safe in all the storms, and that you will be a good man. I do not know who you are, but God knows, and he can take care of you. I wish you would pray for me, too, that I may be very patient and brave. Good-bye, dear sailor. From your friend,

SPENCER HAWLEY.'

'Poor little chap,' said Jack softly to himself as he read the last page of the long, carefully written letter. 'And so he's praying for me. I never had any one to pray for me before since mother died, when I was a little shaver not his size. He thinks that God cares about an old hulk like me, does he? Well, maybe it's true. It would be mighty comfortable to think I was going to drop anchor in a safe harbor some day. I suppose this little book would be a good chart to steer by. Well, I'll see, I'll see.'

Spencer did not get the letter for which he had hoped for Jack was a poor penman, and there are some things that are easier to say than to write, but one day Spencer was surprised by a visit from his unknown sailor friend, who came to tell him how he had learned to steer by the Gospel chart, and hoped some day to make a safe harbor in heaven.

The little text with its assurance that God cared for him, and the knowledge that he had an earthly friend, who, without ever having seen him, cared enough for his comfort to send him the bag with its useful contents and the loving letter, and who would pray for him, had been the means of bringing him to Christ.

Who knows how much good each one of us can do for the brave men who spend their lives upon the ocean, exposed to all its perils and dangers. Shall we not try?—'Friendly Greetings.'

The Useful Reading Circle.

By degrees the young ladies dropped into the fashion of bringing their pretty bits of work with them to the reading circle, thereby making the gentlemen envious of their good fortune in having something to do with their hands while they listened. It was perhaps this innovation that first set Kissie to thinking in a line that developed an entirely new set of occupations. She one day fell in with a leaflet written by an earnest worker among the lumbermen's camps of Northern Michigan. It was a well-written appeal for such simple and practical aid as commended itself at once to Kissie Gordon's taste. Her delight in her discovery was exhibited at the breakfast table one morning.

'Comfort-bags! Mamma, they are the very things to help me solve a problem that has been on my heart for the last three days.'

'Comfort-bags!' repeated Mrs. Gordon, looking up from her letter with an air of interest. 'The words have a very comfortable sound, daughter, but I confess that they do not convey any idea to my mind.'

'Why, mamma, this article is written by one of those missionaries among the lumbermen. Don't you remember how interested papa was in their work. This is an appeal for ever so many "comfort-bags;" and it describes how to make them. Little bags six inches or so square, made out of strong material, cretonne or something of that sort, and filled with all manner of little things, which it never before occurred to me could be called "comforts," but I suppose they are. At least, one can conceive that their absence might create a good deal of discomfort. Shirt-buttons, suspender-buttons, mamma, and needles fitted to sewing them on; threaded needles, with cunning little pockets for each separate thread to be tucked in. Wouldn't it be fun to make them? There are other things in the same line, and careful directions given; the idea is to fit those men who are away from home and family, with little conveniences for doing bits of sewing for themselves. There is a suggestion about putting a little letter in each bag, with a word of comfort and sympathy in it. Isn't that a beautiful idea? You shall do that part, mamma. Don't you believe we could take up such work as that in our circle? My first thought in connection with it was that it would afford some legitimate employment for the idle and mischievous hands of our young men, who now occupy themselves with taking the scissors away from some girl who needs them every few minutes, and snipping bits of cord, and sometimes more valuable articles—lace and ribbon—scattering them about the floor. What is to hinder their sorting out buttons of various sizes and colors, and putting them into the bags? and, for that matter, threading the needles? I could never understand why a young man should consider it an accomplishment to be utterly useless in regard to such work. I mean to suggest it to them. Some of them may be lumbermen in camp themselves some day.'

'It is a lovely idea,' said the mother, 'so simple and commonplace that the wonder is that it was not thought of long ago. I suppose there are innumerable little things like that which could be done for the comfort of others, if somebody would only think of them. The very name "comfort-bags" is suggestive. Why couldn't there be comfort-bags made for other classes of persons, sick children, for instance, in hospitals and orphans' homes? A little bit of a doll not much longer than my thumb might be put in, with dainty dresses for it made out of nothings. A tiny picture-book, only a couple of inches long; a pretty card or two; some bits of bright flannels and kid to make needle-books of, with directions for making them; all children delight in making things. Some of those poor little creatures, who sit day after day in their wheel-chairs, might be helped in ways like these to pass many an otherwise weary hour. All these, and a dozen other trifles, could be put into little bags, which could be made to shirr, and so could be hung on the little arms of the individual owners.'

'O mamma,' said Kissie, 'what a beautiful thought! And so large a one! It reaches in ever so many ways, even at first sight. We shall do that, too. I know that some of the girls would have done things for others long ago, if they had only thought of it. I wonder if they cannot be made happy over the thought of doing something besides eternally entertaining themselves?'

As the winter passed, the circle flourished; so did the comfort-bags; so, also, did the conversation sociables that grew out of the comfort-bags. On no account would the leaders thereof have called these sociables missionary meetings. In truth, there never had been since the world began missionary meetings quite like unto them. Missionary intelligence was acquired without the acquirers' being aware that they were having aught to do with missionaries. Nevertheless, the circle became exceedingly interested, not only in certain lumbermen of the northern camps, but in the mountain girls of North Carolina and kindred States. A few of those that knew what they were trying to accomplish occupied no small amount of time, and did no little special corresponding, with a view to culling from all possible resources facts as curious and pathetic as possible concerning these brothers and sisters of our land, about which these other brothers and sisters had known absolutely nothing. The little leaflets issued by the various mission boards, giving vivid pen-pictures of the lives of some of the mountain girls and their pitiful struggles and sacrifices in order to learn to read, were so surprisng a revelation that for the time being even the all-important matter of amusement slipped into the background, and the young people gave their thoughts to the needs of others.—Pansy, in 'Golden Rule.'

Half an Hour.

('Everybody's Magazine.')

Time should be devoted by every young man and young woman entering life, were it only half an hour a day, to the development of their mind, to the gaining of useful information, to the culture of some ennobling taste. A taste for reading is worth more than any sum we can name. A rich man without this, or some similar taste, does not know how to enjoy his money. His only resource is to keep on making and hoarding money, unless he prefers to spend it; and a mind that is not well developed does not know how to spend wisely.

A well-known millionnaire used to say that he would gladly give all his money if he could only have himself received the education which his lazy, stupid boy refused to acquire.

Be advised: Make it a rule, never to be broken, to devote at least half an hour a day to the reading of some useful and instructive book. Every man needs a knowledge of history, the elements of science, and other useful subjects; and if only half an hour a day is given to reading, he will find the advantage of it.

Be hungry and thirsty after knowledge of all kinds, and you will be none the worse, but all the better, as business men and women. Beware of light and frivolous reading, such matter is ensnaring and pernicious.

Moral Inoculation.

In the lately published letters of Maria Edgeworth we find she is constantly writing, 'How good people are!' and 'How kind people are!' She seems to have been able to inoculate everyone with her own geniality. It is always so. The world and its inhabitants are to us very much what we are to them. We must forgive if we would be forgiven. A little girl being asked why everyone loved her, replied very simply, 'I do not know, except it be that I love everyone.'—'The Quiver.'

Jimmie and Beatrice in Giant-Town.

By Helen F. Lovett, in 'Frank Leslie's Monthly.'

Two children were playing out of doors one summer afternoon. They had no other playmates, for most of the children in the neighborhood had the measles. But Jimmie and Beatrice had had theirs in the spring and were well again, so now they were rather dull.

'Oh, dear!' said Beatrice. 'I wish we could think of something to do!'

'IF WE MEET A LION WE CAN CLIMB UP A TREE.'

'Let's go into the woods,' said Jimmie. 'Way in.'

The woods were on the other side of the road and a meadow, and looked thick and black. The children had never been further than the edge.

'Mother said it was dangerous,' said Beatrice.

'Oh, that was a long time ago; before we had the measles. Now I'm eight and you're seven, and there is no danger. If we meet a lion we can climb up a tree. Come along.'

Beatrice was a little afraid still, but she did not like to say so, so she followed her brother.

But it was not lions that made the woods dangerous. When one first went in it was not very thick, and the trees were mostly small; but further on they were larger and larger; until if one walked several miles he found himself surrounded by big trees like those wonderful ones in California. To the people who lived beyond them they seemed only ordinary trees, for this was the country of the giants.

These giants were not cannibals, and did not intend to be anything but kind to their human neighbors; but if they visited them they were so apt to step on men and women without thinking, or to sit down on the roofs of houses and break them in, or to put babies in their pockets for safe keeping, and forget to give them back, that they had been requested to stay in their own country, and had agreed. They themselves had planted this thick fringe of woods which was never crossed from either side, but this all happened long before these children were born, and they knew nothing of it.

They walked all the way through the forest, and when they came out from among the big trees and had grown tired of wondering at them, they found themselves in what they supposed was a field of grain, but which was really a lawn with short grass, and in the distance they could see a neat little cottage about as big as a castle.

A young man giant was walking about the lawn and caught sight of them.

'Oh, Cousin May,' he shouted, 'come and look! Isn't this funny?"

May, who was a girl-giant, came running up, and found Dick with Jimmie and Beatrice in his hands.

'Why, what funny little creatures!' she said, touching them gingerly. 'They won't bite, will they?'

'Oh, no, they're quite tame. They are little human children. Didn't you ever see them? I know a young lady that has one for a pet.'

'Well,' let's take them home. Put them in your pocket. I haven't one.'

So Dick carried them up to the house, one in each pocket. They cried very hard and called for mamma, and begged to be let go, but their captors did not understand them.

'What funny little squeaks, as if they were trying to talk!' said May.

'They are frightened,' said Dick, 'but if you treat them kindly they will get over it. I believe they do learn to talk.'

The giants' voices sounded like thunder to the children but they could not understand them.

When they arrived at the house Jimmie and Beatrice were set upon the table, and all the giant family gathered around to look at them.

'Oh, how funny!' 'Did you ever!' 'See their little fingers!' 'And their teeth!' 'Hear the one sneeze! Isn't it killing?' 'What will you do with them?'

'I'd like to have this one stuffed for my hat,' said May. 'I think this little golden crest, or hair — what would you call it?—is so pretty! And it would be quite new and stylish!'

She stood Beatrice on the brim

of her hat, in front of a forest of rose bushes, and the poor child gave a cry of terror.

'No, May, you shan't be so cruel as to kill either of them,' said her mother. 'If you choose to keep them for pets and be kind to them, that's another thing.'

'Well,' said May, feeling a little ashamed, 'I will keep it in the old parrot cage, and perhaps it will learn to sing or talk. Don't you want the other, Dick?'

'Yes, if you don't care for both. I will get a collar for him, and teach him to do tricks.'

So Dick carried Jimmie away in his pocket.

'I don't think you ought even to keep them for pets,' said a young giantess named Flora, who belonged to a P.C.A. society. 'You ought to let them go. Perhaps their mother is looking for them now.'

'How tiresome you are, Flora! I don't believe it. She probably has others, and it isn't likely she knows how to count.'

So Beatrice was placed in the bird cage by the window, and everybody brought her something to eat, to find out what she fed on. The youngest child wanted to bring worms, but his mother wouldn't let him. They found that she liked cake and strawberries, and while she was eating them they looked on, exclaiming how pretty she was.

(To be Continued.)

Pray While the Sun Shines.

Nettie Converse was a bright, happy-hearted little girl, usually very brave, but she suffered greatly during a thunder-storm, and her terror seemed to increase rather than diminish as she grew older. The moment the dark clouds began to gather in the west, she would leave her play and wander aimlessly about the house, and when the lightning began to flash in the sky and the thunder to roll over her head, she would crouch down in some dark corner and cover her eyes and stop her ears until the storm passed by.

'If you would pray when you see a storm approaching, I think it would help you to get rid of this burden of fear,' said her mother one day, after witnessing the agony the child endured during a fierce thunder-storm. 'Don't you remember how Christ stilled the tempest that night, so long ago, when his disciples cried to him in their fear?'

'Yes,' answered Nettie, 'and I will try if telling him about my fear won't help me, too.'

She did, but when the next storm burst forth in all its fury, she came to her mother in great distress, saying, 'Oh, mamma, I did pray, and pray when I heard the roar of the thunder, but I am just as much frightened as ever. What shall I do?'

'Try praying while the sun shines, too,' counselled her mother. 'Christ wants us to serve him when we are happy as well as when we are sad, and I am sure he will not forget you in the storm, if you remember him in the sunshine.'

A week or two later, after one of the most severe storms of the season, Nettie, looking very happy, whispered in her mother's ear, 'Praying while the sun shines is the right way. I tried it, and I kept on praying when the clouds began to gather and while the storm was raging, too, and I did not feel the least bit afraid.'

'I am glad you have found such a comforter in Christ,' said her mother tenderly. 'You are right; he wants us to tell him about our joys and sorrows, while the sun shines as well as when it storms.'

'And between times, too,' added Nettie, 'I am so glad that I have found out that he cares about such small things as a little girl's hopes and fears, and I mean to tell him everything now.'—'Christian Intelligencer.'

The Heathen Boy.

Not many years ago, as a lady was sitting in the verandah of her house in Burmah, a jungle boy came through the opening in the hedge which served as a gateway, and approaching her, inquired, with eagerness—

'Does Jesus Christ live here?'

He was a boy about twelve years of age, his hair was matted with filth and bristling in every direction, like the quills of a porcupine, and a dirty cloth of cotton was wrapped in a most slovenly manner about his person.

'Does Jesus Christ live here?' he asked, as he hastened up the steps of the verandah.

'What do you want with Jesus Christ?' asked the lady.

'I want to see him and confess to him.'

'Why what have you been doing that you want to confess?'

'Does he live here?' he continued with great emphasis; 'I want to know that. Doing? Why, I tell lies, I steal, I do everything bad. I am afraid of going to hell, and I want to see Jesus Christ, for I heard one of the Loogyees (missionaries) say that he can save us from hell. Does he live here? Tell me where I can find him?'

'But he does not save people from hell if they continue to do wickedly.'

'I want to stop doing wickedly,' said the boy, 'but I can't; I don't know how to stop. The evil thoughts are in me, and the bad deeds come of evil thoughts. What can I do?'

'Nothing but come to Christ, poor boy, like all the rest of us,' the lady softly replied; but she spoke this last in English, so the boy only raised his head with a vacant look.

'You cannot see Jesus Christ now,' she added, and was answered by a sharp, quick cry of disappointment. 'But I am his friend and follower,' said the lady, at which the face of the little listener brightened, and she continued: 'He has told me in his word, to teach all those who wish to escape from hell how to do so.'

The joyful eagerness depicted in the boy's countenance was beyond description. 'Tell me, O, tell me! Only ask your Master to save me, and I will be your servant for life. Do not be angry. I want to be saved. Save me from hell!'

The next day the little boy was introduced to the little bamboo schoolhouse in the character of 'the wild Karen boy;' and such a greedy seeker after truth and holiness had been seldom seen. Every day he came to the white teachers to learn something more concerning the Lord Jesus and the way of salvation; and every day his eagerness increased, and his face gradually lost its indescribable look of stupidity. He was at length baptized, and commemorated the love of that Saviour he had sought so earnestly. He lived awhile to testify his sincerity, and then died in joyful hope. He had 'confessed,' and had found a deliverer from those sins from which he could not free himself. The lady has also since died, and she and the wild Karen boy have met in the presence of their common Redeemer. — 'Episcopal Recorder.'

The Primary Catechism on Beer.

LESSON VIII.

DRUNKENNESS ON BEER.

(By Julia Colman, National Temperance Society, New York.)

Q.—Does beer cause drunkenness ?

A.—It does cause drunkenness just in proportion to its alcoholic strength.

Q.—Has any one tried to have it used instead of stronger liquors ?

A.—It has been tried very fully in England for this very purpose.

Q.—Did beer take the place of stronger drinks, as had been planned ?

A.—'The sale of beer was increased, but the sale of spirituous liquors was not diminished.'

Q.—What does Joseph Livesey of Preston, say ?

A.—He says that men who now get drunk on spirits began with beer.

Q.—What similar experiment has been made in the United States ?

A.—The popular introduction of lager beer as a temperance drink.

Q.—What has been the effect ?

A.—It has greatly increased the amount of drinking and drunkenness.

Q.—Does beer produce misery in families like other alcoholic drinks ?

A.—Just the same cruelty in the father, neglect and shamelessness in the mother, and suffering to the children.

Q.—How does Dr. Willard Parker sum up the matter ?

A.—'Alcohol is the one evil genius, whether in wine, ale, or whiskey, and it is killing the race of men.'

The Scotch Elder.

An honest shopkeeper in the north of Scotland, a worthy man and an elder of the church, was deeply imbued with all the peculiar prejudices against teetotalism which we find even in America beset some men of highly respectable character. He looked upon it as a thing unreasonable and unscriptural. 'God, who gave us our reason,' he argued, 'desires that we should make use of it in restraining and governing our appetites, not in starving and denying them. He who created the good things of this life intended us to enjoy all of them in moderation when placed within our power. In scripture,' he said, 'the moderate use of spirituous liquors is nowhere forbidden.' And he thought that some temperance people were putting reformation in place of vital godliness. Thus the good old elder schooled himself against teetotalism.

One day, while engaged in measuring off some yards of cloth, a neighbor and customer whom he knew to have become almost a wreck through the use of intoxicating liquors entered his shop. The poor man's face was flushed, and his eye excited and anxious; but this time he was perfectly sober.

'Mr. A——,' said he 'will you save a lost man I want to take the pledge.'

'Well, do so; it is the best thing you can do.'

'But you know it would become a brand for the like of me, if men of respectable character such as you were not often found to take it, too. Will you join the teetotallers, and I'll join with you ? If not, I must go to ruin. It's my only chance. Mr. A——, will you save a lost soul ?'

The elder was staggered and startled; some dim recollection of 'who is my neighbor?' and the parable of the good Samaritan, awoke in his heart; and the fellow-creature before him, losing health, wealth, reputation, reason—stripped and wounded of the devil—did seem fully in as sore a plight as he who had fallen among thieves long ago nigh unto Jericho. But then his own principles ! They must be regarded. Mr. A—— must be consistent, and the poor tailor must be left to take his own way.

Mr. A——'s dinner did him little good that day; his digestion failed greatly; appetite for supper he had none; and on retiring to rest sleep came not near his pillow—scared ever by a voice that continually rung in his ears, 'S. A——, will you save a lost soul ? S. A——, will you save a lost soul ?'

Early in the morning two men were seen wending their way together to the office of the teetotal society. The one was the elder, principled in 'moderation' and anti-teetotalism, the other was the drunken tailor, on the verge of ruin, temporal and eternal. And they took the pledge together. S. A—— ate a good breakfast that day, and has slept soundly ever since.

The tailor has kept the pledge, and appears to be getting along nicely without the stimulus of spirits. Before he signed the pledge he suffered more or less from asthma, and used to take whiskey to relieve him, but it only made him worse. Now, while he has had two or three attacks since, he has got round all right without the usual appliance of whiskey.

Mr. S. A—— is one of the foremost advocates of total abstinence in the town. Would that there were more like him ! Then there would be more reclaimed tailors. Would that all would learn of the parable as faithfully, and become indeed good Samaritans in obeying the command, 'Go and do thou likewise.'

My brother, are there those among your neighbors who are suffering from the drink habit, and are ready to perish? Might they not, through your example and help, have at least a chance to escape ? Oh ! turn not aside in cold neglect nor in heartless apathy, but haste to the rescue, and save those for whom your Saviour died.—'National Temperance Advocate.'

An Escape From a Scorpion.

Nearly four hundred years ago there lived in Italy a celebrated artist named 'Benvenuto Cellini.' One day, when he was three years old, he was playing in the kitchen, and saw a curious little animal under a bench. He immediately ran to it and seized it round the middle; so that its head was left sticking on one side of the child's little fat fist, and its tail on the other.

Grandfather Andrew, an old gentleman, more than a hundred years of age, was in the room, and Benvenuto ran up to him and said, 'Granny, look at my pretty little lobster !' The old man saw at once that it was not a lobster, but a scorpion, a most dangerous reptile, with a dreadful venomous sting. He was terribly frightened, and tried to coax Benvenuto to give the creature to him; but the boy refused to do this, and began to make a great hullabaloo, crying that he would not give his plaything to any body. The noise brought in his father, who, with great presence of mind, snatched up a pair of scissors, and snipped off the scorpion's head and tail, and thus saved the little boy's life.

Little Benvenuto did not know that the creature was a scorpion, and that it could sting. And a great many children—and grown up people, too—are like him. They want things which are not good for them, and then cry and make a great fuss if they are taken away.

There is a passage in the twenty-third chapter of Proverbs which tells us of something which is very pleasant at the first, beautiful to look upon and good to taste, but 'at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.'—'Christian.'

Sign the Pledge.

Sign the pledge: it will give a sufficient answer to those who tempt you to drink.—There is no answer that a man can give so good as this. If he refuses because he is hot, he will be advised to drink to get cool. If he refuses because he is cold, he will be recommended to drink to get warm. If he refuses because he cannot afford it, his companion will gladly treat him. If he refuses because he is not well, there is no ailment to which flesh is heir for which intoxicating drinks are not prescribed as a certain cure. Men, who are well, drink till they are ill; and then drink to get themselves well again. None of these excuses avail, but if a man says, 'I have signed the pledge,' they may think him a fool, but they cannot say that he has not given a sufficient reason; and if they are true men themselves, they dare not ask him to break his word. If a man asks you to drink, after you have signed the pledge, he is no true friend; he is doing the devil's work. He is certain to turn round and insult you after you have done his will, because he will have lost the last fragment of respect for you. There are some men who must have a reason to give others for doing as they do; here at least is a clear, straightforward, intelligible reason, which puts an end to controversy, and settles the matter forever—'I have signed the pledge.'—Rev. F. B. Meyer.

'Never Begin.'

Never begin, if never yet
Thou and the cup which tempts have met;
Its slippery sweetness never sip,
Nor touch with thine its treacherous lip.
Never go near that slope-to-sin,
Never that soul-trap enter in.

Thrice welcome all, howe'er astray,
Who strive to quit the drunkard's way;
More happy those who never know
The need and cost of striving so.
Never go near that slope-to-sin,
Never that soul-trap enter in.

See how yon swimmer sinks in death;
See him, at last, scarce get back breath.
Just so in drink the soul is drowned;
Worse still the fight to bring it round.
Never go near that slope-to-sin,
Never that soul-trap enter in.

Gladly stand fast, then, ye who still
Stand safe and straight outside that ill;
And all the more and easier learn
All other soul-deceits to spurn.
Never go near that slope-to-sin,
Never that soul-trap enter in.

So, when all strife with ill is done,
Welcomed to rest through God's dear Son,
Not least you'll bless that steadfast mind
Which helped your feet His help to find.
Never go near that slope-to-sin,
Never that soul-trap enter in.
—'Light in the Home.'

SABBATH-SCHOOL.

LESSON III.—October 17.

Paul Before the Roman Governor.

Acts xxiv., 10-25. Read Acts xxiii., 10 to xxiv., 27.—Commit verses 22, 23.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'Fear thou not, for I am with thee.'—Isa. xli., 10.

Home Readings.

M. Acts xxv., 1-12.—Paul's Trial Before Festus.
T. Acts xxv., 13-27.—Agrippa's Desire to hear Paul.
W. Acts xxvi., 1-32.—Paul Before King Agrippa.
Th. II. Cor. v., 1-21.—'We are Ambassadors for Christ.'
F. I. Cor. ii., 1-16.—Not Man's Wisdom, but God's Power.
S. Matt., x., 24-42.—The Rewards of Confessing Christ.
S. Luke ii., 25-38.—'A Light to Lighten the Gentiles.'

Lesson Story.

On the day after his speech on the outer stair of the castle, Paul was brought down to stand before the Sanhedrin. Here he was not permitted to speak long uninterrupted. As soon as he began his defence, saying that his conscience was clear, the high priest gave orders to smite him on the mouth. To this flagrant injustice Paul gave a quick and spirited denunciation, but withdrew it on hearing that it was the high-priest who had spoken. Afterwards seeing that the two parties of Pharisees and Sadducees, corresponding to the orthodox and free-thinkers, he called out that he was a Pharisee and was there on account of his belief in the resurrection of the dead. This brought the Pharisees to his side for the time, and the dispute between the two parties became violent, so the soldiers once more removed Paul to the castle. In the night the Lord told Paul that he would be preserved to witness in Rome. Some of the Jews made a plot to kill Paul, but his nephew told the captain of it, and Paul was sent with a large escort of horsemen, to Caesarea where Felix, the Roman governor, lived. Paul defended himself before Felix when the Jews brought forward their accusations, but Felix refused to give any immediate decision. On a later occasion he called for Paul to explain the then little-known 'faith in Christ.' Paul made the most of his opportunity and preached to Felix and his wife Drusilla about honesty and virtue and the judgment awaiting sinners. Felix, with good reason, was terrified, but closed the interview by saying that it would be more convenient to hear of these things at some other time. The ingrained time-serving of the man of the world is shown by his subsequent treatment of the man who had made him tremble. He gave him opportunities to address him frequently, hoping that Paul would offer money for his release, and when he went out of office he left Paul's case still undecided, and Paul still in chains, in order to gain favor with the Jews.

Lesson Hymn.

Time is earnest, passing by;
Death is earnest, drawing nigh.
Sinners, wilt thou trifling be?
Time and death appeal to thee.

God is earnest; kneel and pray,
Ere the season pass away;
Ere he set his judgment throne!
Ere the day of grace is gone.

Oh, be earnest, do not stay,
Thou may'st perish e'en to-day.
Rise; thou lost one, rise and flee;
Lo! thy Saviour waits for thee.

Lesson Hints.

'Righteousness,'—honest and upright dealing. 'Temperance'—self-control. 'Righteousness'—duty to neighbor. 'Temperance'—duty to self. As righteousness consists in subordinating our ambitions to the law of God, so temperance consists in subordinating our passions. Paul had a strange opportunity to preach the gospel to some who would not otherwise have heard it. The occasion was not one he had chosen, yet he did not fail to improve it. He did not sulk because he was in chains, he saw the good hand of God still opening a door for the gospel through the very circumstances that seemed to check the preacher's activity.

Search Questions.

Give the names of several persons spoken of in the New Testament as members of the Jewish Council or Sanhedrin, and give the reference.

Primary Lesson.

To whom was Paul speaking on the stairs in our last lesson? To a crowd of angry men. In this lesson we find him speaking to a Roman governor called Felix and his wife—very grand people, dressed in fine cloths, but wicked and bad at heart. Paul was not afraid of Felix but told him how God would judge the world by-and-bye, and when he spoke about being good Felix got frightened for he had been very bad. But instead of praying for a new heart he told Paul to stop preaching. He said he would listen some other time. If he had listened then and learned to pray, he would have become a good man and would have gone to heaven when he died. When God wants us to listen we must not say 'some other time will do as well,' we must be like Samuel and say, 'Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.'

SUGGESTED HYMNS.

'In the silent midnight watches,' 'Oh, the clanging bells of time,' 'Behold me standing at the door,' 'Jesus is tenderly calling thee home.'

Practical Points.

BY A. H. CAMERON.

(Acts xxiv., 10-25.)

The apostle recognizes good abilities even in an enemy. Verses 10, 11.

Paul's negative defence disclaims all impure motives or selfish desires. Verses 12, 13.

Paul's positive defence reveals his stalwart faith which always begets a lively hope and a tender conscience. Verses 14-17.

Jesus was hated without a cause. 'It is enough for the disciple to be as his Master.' Verses 18-21.

There may be much kindness where there is no Christian love. Verses 22, 23.

In the case of Felix, procrastination became the thief of a bright eternity. Verses 24, 25.

Tiverton, Ont.

Christian Endeavor Topic.

Oct. 17.—'Whatever he would like to have me do.'—Ex. xix., 1-8. (A meeting to consider the work of the society.)
gested, to be led by the president.)

Junior Prayer-Meeting Topic.

Oct. 17.—'Whatever he would like to have me do.'—Ex. xix., 1-8. (A meeting to consider the work of the society.)

Teachers' Meetings.

That there are many Sunday-schools that do not have them, and that those that do have them find it difficult to sustain them, are facts that do not admit of a moment's doubt. It is palpably apparent that the great majority of our Sunday-school teachers do practically repudiate the teachers' meeting; and hence it has come to be seriously questioned whether the men who insist upon them are not impracticable theorists that are either ahead of, or behind the times.

It has been urged with much of force that, in these days when life is throbbing with an intenser pulse than ever before; when business is driven with such tremendous energy; and social and religious engagements, especially in towns and cities, have been multiplied beyond all precedent—it is well-nigh impossible to find the time to attend a teachers' meeting.

And then it is argued with no little plausibility, that there is not now the same necessity for such a meeting as there was aforetime, seeing how plentifully all our teachers are provided with the choicest helps that the Christian scholarship of the age can furnish. Why spend an evening, it is asked, in listening to the pious platitudes of a possibly incompetent conductor of a teachers' meeting, when, without exposure to wind and wet, to heat or cold, or any loss of time in travel, one might hold communion with the foremost commentators of our time, who have expounded to us the scripture lesson which we are to expound to others?

We frankly concede that there are distinguished advantages which are enjoyed now by the home student beyond any that were ever known before; and yet, who does not see that the argument in this direction is entirely as forceful when applied to meetings for the preaching of the gospel? Who that has a library worthy at all to bear the name, cannot find upon its shelves whole volumes of sermons more massive and masterly than anything he is likely to hear in the pulpit of the little church to which he is accustomed upon Sabbath days to go? And yet, does any decent Christian feel that he can afford to forego the freshness of inspiration that comes to him as he listens to 'the old, old story' from the lips of the living preacher?

There is all the difference in the world, as was lately said, in our hearing, at a teachers' meeting, 'between dried fruit, no matter how well preserved, and the same fruit plucked from the laden bough.'

And besides all this, face answers to face, and iron sharpeneth iron; and in the teachers' meeting, the conductor, unlike the poor preacher, is not obliged to have it all to himself, and so be left to 'perish in the midst of his platitudes.' He is but the leader; and if he be a wise man, he will not desire, and if he be a foolish man he ought not to be allowed to have, a monopoly of the privilege of speech. Let each make a contribution of hopeful suggestion; and in the glow of such general discussion; there will not only be thoughts struck out, but thoughts 'burnt in,' which, though they had come to us from the cold, dead page, would never have come to us with such force, or have got such fixedness in our memories.

And then, besides all this, let it evermore be borne in mind, that teachers' meetings are not and ought not to be merely for the study of the Scripture lesson, but for prayer and conference as to questions the most perplexing and momentous that ever engrossed the thoughts, and pressed upon the hearts of earnest Christian workers. The superintendent ought not to be left to grapple with them, 'solitary and alone.' The teachers constitute his board of counsellors, and every teachers' meeting ought, at least for a little while, at every session, to resolve itself into a 'committee of the whole' for the consideration of ways and means for the promotion of the school's prosperity.

Let practical difficulties be confronted; let papers be submitted or addresses made, upon topics assigned; let questions of management be frankly and fraternally discussed; let prayers be offered for special cases, and reports be made from special departments; and thus, beyond all question, there will presently be developed an esprit-de-corps that will make the school invincible; and the teachers' meeting, instead of 'dragging' its slow length along, like a wounded snake,' will be a joy and a power. —Dr. Henson, in 'Baptist Teacher.'

What Punctuality Includes.

Punctuality is something more than being just on time. It would be a sorry state of things with a school of a thousand if every teacher and scholar arrived at the door at exactly the minute designated for beginning school. All would then be late in getting into place, ready for a part in the duties of the hour. It is in view of this truth that punctuality in Sunday-school has been defined as being five minutes ahead of time for opening. But even this is not always enough. Punctuality includes being present early enough to get into place and do everything that needs doing before the school hour so as to have nothing to do at beginning time but to begin.—'Sunday-school Times.'

HOUSEHOLD.

The Housekeeper's Duty to Herself.

(By Rose Gillette Shawe.)

Every housekeeper owes it to herself to so arrange her domestic affairs as to secure for herself in so far as possible immunity from sickness, from overwork, and to so hold the reins of power in her own hands as to promote her own well-being, as well as to provide comfort for the various members of her family.

By plainness of living, by cutting off superfluous drains upon energy, and by a liberal employment of help from time to time, housekeeprs can oftentimes get well and keep well when otherwise they must drag on through weary weeks and months of illness. If economy must be studied, let there be less rich food, fewer furbelows of dress, and far less bric-a-brac and household ornamentation. And let the mother's time and strength be saved, by all means, if she be the housekeeper.

We have no patience with the American notion of children first in all things. It is quite time that we learned that children well cared for are best kept religiously in the background, and their plans and pleasures made to coincide with the family arrangements; if there is not an abundance of help, they should be taught thoughtfulness as regards making extra steps and work; and any extra indulgence in this line should be made so great a favor as to impress its importance upon their minds.

No human being has a moral right to become the slave of her nearest and dearest. The house-keeper and the mother should possess a certain firmness and moral dignity which should prevent her family from regarding her simply in the light of a general servant. Few families will put the fact so plainly to themselves, but in thousands of families the fact is as apaprent to all outsiders that it must be by a species of self-delusion that each and all do not recognize it. eLt no mother or housekeeper who reads this permit her personality to be so absorbed in her work as to become simply an automaton that other lives may be made more luxurious and self-indulgent. It is a false pride which carries its own punishment in its natural consequences, which gives the children the ease and comfort of apparent means at the expense of the overworked mother. It is not needful to show the bareness of our lives to the world unnecessarily, but if hiding the want of means must be at the expense of the health or comfort of the homemaker, then let the world know that 'cannot afford' has an important place in your vocabulary. Be independent and self-respecting, and if that necessitates drudgery, do the drudgery cheerfully, only take good care that each and every member of the household does her full share.—'The Christian Work.'

In Sickness.

(By Mary Louise Palmer.)

Sickness seldom finds one ready, and there are no rules one can place upon paper to prepare one. Individuals and families must in large measure be a law unto themselves when sickness or calamity befalls. And there is a blessed adaptiveness that helps through hard and trying places that is often wonderful.

A neighbor of mine fell ill of typhoid fever. The husband nursed her through six weeks' illness, caring for the family of five children besides. How he did it, he said he never knew. He only knew he did it, one day at a time.

Thus in sore straits we are often carried through in ways we may not be able to tell or describe to another.

There are, however, certain preparations that may be made in the household that will be of greatest convenience and help when sudden sickness or accident comes. In every home, even the humblest, a small medicine chest may be kept in reserve. It may contain nothing but commonest domestic remedies; it will be useful. A box of good mustard, rolls of soft rags and cloths, rolls of old flannels, bottles of Jamaica ginger, sweet oil, castor oil, medicinal herbs such as grow in the country, sometimes around one's door—thoroughwort, mullein, everlasting, and so on. Also good antidotes for poison.

Always have them all together and kept in the same place. Let the children know where the box of medicines are placed, and if the place is changed, explain to them.

Simple remedies close at hand are often of more value than an apothecary's shop farther away. More physicians than one have had occasion to bless prompt treatment with domestic remedies in serious cases, and some knowledge in nursing is an important factor in home life. When a physician is called, and says at first visit, with shake of head, 'the mother is no nurse, no nurse,' it means that part of her education or even observation has been neglected, and that she is wofully deficient. Trained and professional nurses are not to be had in every home, but each member of a family may be trained in some degree if he or she will.

How wise when in health some attention be given this matter, so that one may know in a small measure of common remedies—to make a poultice or prepare gruel, if no more.

For sickness, a single bed is always more handy, and warm, light blankets should be in every home. Light, puffy comfortables for bed covering and light weight quilts are so much better than heavy. A chair, it may be quite old or old-fashioned, comfortably padded, large and roomy, with easy head rest, will be found very restful if no more than ordinary headache is the trouble.

It may stand in its corner in the family sitting room, or occupy a more retired place; it will be a comfort when convalescing from fever or other sickness. One will be glad to possess it then if at no other time.

Comfortable foot rests may be had with little trouble. A flannel wrapper or dressing gown, easy slippers, warm shoulder blankets, and other useful and convenient articles, as they come to mind, may be placed in drawer or box, ready, if needed, and if not, so much the better. The things I have mentioned are trifling in cost, but worth a great deal in time of need.

Old underwear should be saved. The time may come when it will do good service. There are so many, many things needed in sickness, if continued long; how wise to take caution for the rainy day.

The easy,happy-go-lucky sort of people are pleasant to meet, a joy to themselves and others, but if there were no different class, who would be ready or prepared to help out the improvident when their day of extremity came? When one is earning money is surely the time to save. When one is in health is surely the time to prepare for sickness.—'Christian Work.'

Useful Hints.

A little saltpetre added to the water in which cut flowers are put will keep the flowers fresh a long time.

In making a salad of fish, if you add a little cucumber pickle, chopped very fine, to the dish before the dressing is poured over, you will greatly improve it.

If corned beef, tongue or ham is left to cool in the water in which it is boiled the meat will be much better and more moist. All boiled meats should be cooked slowly and never be allowed to boil rapidly.

In blanching nut meats pour over them boiling water and let it stand for a few moments. Throw over them cold water and rub them between the fingers, and the skins will readily come off.

Fowls which have long since achieved their majority may renew their youth and win enconiums as 'roast chicken' by being stuffed, seasoned, steamed, until tender, then roasted a delicate golden brown.

When flesh of beast or bird is so tough that it must be boiled, a tablespoonful of vinegar put into the pot hastens the process and destroys the tissue of the toughest and hardest muscle.

Too Few Vegetables.

It is becoming a most familiar idea among people of advanced intelligence that more fruit and vegetables in our diet would have a most beneficial effect upon our minds and morals.

From careful compiled statistics it is proven that children who are fed largely upon a meat diet are irritable, snappish and quarrelsome, have bad breaths, and, as a rule, bad manners and morals.

It is one of the greatest of errors to give much meat to a child under ten years old. Their digestive organs are not equal to the demands made upon them by such hearty food. Milk, custards, simple puddings, farinaceous food, fruit and vegetables are the safest and best foods for little ones. A soft-boiled egg is an excellent article for a child if there is need of a hearty meal. Soups, broths, and stews, with a very small bit of meat finely shredded and a large amount of vegetable ingredients make almost perfect food for growing children.

Fresh fruits in season may be eaten as a dessert after every meal. It is the children of the poor, or those in moderate circumstances, that are the greatest meat-eaters. And meat is the most expensive and the least beneficial of all foods. It satisfies, but it inflames, stimulates and irritates, and will in time create abscesses and other diseases. Fruit and grains are the most wholesome and rational diet for intelligent men, women and children.—N. Y. 'Ledger.'

Hot Water For a Cough.

A sudden and wearing attack of coughing often needs immediate attention, especially in consumption and those chronically ill. In an emergency, that ever useful remedy, hot water, will often prove very effective. It is much better than the ordinary cough mixtures, which disorder the digestion and spoil the appetite. Water almost boiling should be sipped when the paroxysms come on. A cough resulting from irritation is relieved by hot water through the promotion of secretion, which moistens the irritated surfaces. Hot water also promotes expectoration, and so relieves the dry cough.—'Popular Science News.'

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